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THE DOME OF PICTURES.

In a little house keep I pictures suspended;
  it is not a fixed home,
It is round, it is only a few inches from one
  side to the other;
Yet behold, it has room for all the shows of
  the world, all the memories!
Here the tableaux of life and here the
  groupings of death.
—WALT WHITMAN.

Ah, each man bears his Dome of Dreams—
  A picture dome
Whereon are painted homely cares,
Defeats and triumphs and despairs;
  A gallery thronged with wider themes
  Than those of Rome.

The pictures of this Dome of Dreams
  Are memories.
Young Barefoot wandering through the
  dew,
Through daisied fields when life was new,
  By woodland paths, by lilied streams
  And blossomed trees.

The picture of a maid at school
  With floating hair;
Transfigured in the mist is she
On that dim shore of memory,
  Life's dewiness about her, cool
  And pure and fair.

The picture of a road that leads
  From an old home;
A boy that from a wooded swell
Looks through his tears and waves fare-
  well—
Then down through unknown hills and
  meads
  Afar to roam.

The picture of the long, long way
  He traveled far;
Fair fruited hillside slanting south,
Baked herblets upland smit with drought,
  And night paths with no gleam of day—
  Without a star.

And pictures of wide-sleeping vales
  And storm-tossed waves;
Of valleys bathed in noonday peace,
Of sheltered harbors of release,
Blue inlets specked with sunlit sails;
  Of open graves.

And pictures of fair islands set
  In golden foam;
And pictures of black wrecks upcast
On barren crags by many a blast—
But on! Life paints more pictures yet
  Upon that dome.
—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

MILDRED'S pretty face wore a new expression as she toyed with her teaspoon and tried to finish her roll and coffee. John had just left for his office. They had been married three months, and the serious aspects of life were for the first time presenting themselves.

"I wish I could do something to help John," thought Mildred, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window. "He has to work so hard," and she gave a little sigh.

"What can I do?" she pondered. "What can I do?" she asked herself again and again, as with deft touch she straightened and arranged the dainty apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if a door had opened and flooded it with sunlight.

"I know what I will do; I will write a story. I know I can if I try. People do not have to be so awfully clever to do that. It is a knack, not a talent. There is Mrs. ——, who has made heaps of money; and her stories are only poor trash—all of them. John says so."

Before another hour had passed the outline of a plot was dancing in her excited young brain, and as soon as she could get the time she sat down with pad and sharpened pencil. Then came a pause. "How shall I begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on the margin of her paper as she reflected, her thoughts seeming to revolve in a circle, returning ever to the place from whence they started. Finally she wrote:

"In a small village on the banks of—"

"Oh, that is so commonplace. No; that will not do." And she tore off the first sheet of her pad and reflected again, then wrote:

"Frank Atwood was the only son of a—"

"No, no; that is too stupid," and the second sheet of the pad went into the waste-paper basket.

She recalled what John had said of the superfluous first three pages, which might with benefit to most stories be eliminated—for John was a journalist and literary critic, and his standards and ideals were just on the measure of her own. So she thought with great deference of what he had said about tedious preambles.

"He is right," she said, with decision. "It is the personal interest in the characters which we are looking for in reading a story. All that comes before that is tedious superfluity.

"I will dash right on with a letter from the heroine, which will at once explain the situation." So with the confidence which came from feeling herself at last on the right track, she wrote:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the letters, which of course I have now no right to keep. I need not tell you what it cost me.

"I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has——"

"Please, ma'am," said the cook, coming suddenly in upon the young authoress. "Please, ma'am, the butcher is here. Will you come and see him and give the order yourself about havin' them chops frenched or whatever it is."

"Oh, what a bore!" sighed Mildred. "I was just getting into the swing of it." And she left the manuscript upon her desk to be resumed later.

The matter of the chops disposed of, there were other things requiring attention.

At last, however, she was at her desk again. She read over the letter with which her story opened to see how it sounded. "Really," said she, "I think that starts off very well," and then she took up the broken thread. "Only yourself to blame that this marriage has—" A violent ringing at the telephone again broke the current. "Hallo," said our young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you?"

"Yes, is it you, Alice?"

"Yes. Mamma does not feel very well and wishes you to take luncheon with us. She has sent the carriage. Be ready to come as soon as it arrives." Obviously no more authorship to-day. So slipping her paper into the desk she departed.

The new purpose of authorship brought a great light and hope into Mildred's life. She pictured to herself his reading her story, possibly reviewing it. "After he has written all kinds of nice things about it I will tell him that I am the author;" or—and her heart turned cold and sick—what if he should say it was trash? For, of course, like other good critics, John was seldom pleased. If things were all excellent, what would be the need of critics? So he had cultivated the art of discovering flaws in what seemed to ordinary readers pure gems. He had developed rather a talent for pillorying people in a single terse phrase, and was much valued for his skill in beating down with the editorial club tender young aspirants who were trying to make themselves heard. This sounds brutal. But he was only professionally brutal. In his personal characteristics none could be more tender or sympathetic.

Mildred knew of this caustic vein and believed it too—as she did also all of John's attributes and gifts—"but," she thought, "if he should say any of those dreadful things about me, what should I do? I should never—never—tell him."

And so during the entire day she thought and planned, new intricacies of plot suggesting themselves—vivid and interesting scenes coming before her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and sending for her husband to dine with them. Her secret desire was to return, but she looked at her mother's wistful face and had not the heart to refuse. She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at the usual hour. As he put his latchkey into the door he smiled, thinking of the quick ear which was listening for it, and of the pretty apparition which would meet him in the hall. "By Jove," he thought, "what a lucky fellow I am!"

But the expected figure did not come to meet him. He was conscious of a little chill of disappointment, and still more as he wandered through the rooms and found all silent and deserted.

He rang for the maid.

"Where is your mistress?"

"She is out, sir. There's a note, sir, somewhere," and she looked anxiously about. "Oh, it is on her desk," said she with returning memory, starting to go for it.

"No matter, I will get it," and John turned his impatient steps toward his wife's room. There was no note on the desk, and quite naturally he opened the lid. His eyes were riveted upon the words before him:

"Dear Frank—I return herewith the letters which I have no longer any right to keep. I need not tell you what it costs me—"

He felt as if his blood were turned into ice.

"I have reflected much upon what you said yesterday—"

"Yesterday!"—John felt as if he were going mad. "Yesterday!"—and he had so trusted her! The room had grown black, and a great sledge hammer was beating at his brain, but he read on—"upon what you said yesterday, but I am at last resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has—"

John stood for a few moments as if turned into stone, his face blanched, his muscles tense. Then a ray of hope seemed to come to him. "There is no signature; it is not hers." He looked again. How could he doubt it! He knew too well the turn of every letter. He was alternately livid with rage and choking with grief. His dream of happiness vanished. Something like a curse came from between his closed teeth.

"She loves this man, and she meets him and tells him so, and only yesterday. Oh, it is too horrible! too horrible!" He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "I shall go away; I shall never—" At that moment the telephone bell rang. He took no notice of it. "I shall never—" Again it rang long and loud. What should he do? There was no one else to answer it; he must go. So he said huskily: "Hello!"

Mildred's silvery voice replied: "John, is that you?"

The situation was shocking. How could he reply?—but—there was no time for reflection. He knew that the central office would share all his confidences through that infernal piece of black walnut and ebony. So he said:

"Yes."

"Why do you not come? Dinner is waiting for you."

How well he knew the pretty inflections of that voice!

"I wish no dinner—I am going away—good-by."

It might have been the conventional telephonic "good-by," or it might contain a profounder meaning.

The effect at the other end of the line cannot be described. Ten minutes later a cab drove furiously up to the door of the apartment house, and Mildred, with white face and fast-beating heart, rushed into the room, and would have rushed into John's arms if he had let her.

"You are going away," she said, breathlessly.

"You are a very clever actress," said that gentleman, repulsing her intended embrace.

"A what?" said she, amazed. "John, what's the—"

"A very clever actress," said he, quite as if she had not spoken, "but hereafter we will have a more perfect understanding, and you need not trouble yourself."

"Why, John," said she, "have you lost your senses?"

"No; on the contrary, I have recovered them, I am no longer a dupe. I was fool enough to think you—"

"John, for God's sake tell me what this means!"

"Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he, breaking down utterly. "Why did you not tell me like an honest woman that you loved some one else?"

"John, you know, I—"

"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain your soul with any more falsehood.

"You need not have married me," went on the wretched man. "God knows I wish you had not."

She tried to put her arms about him as he paced to and fro in rapid strides, but he pushed her away angrily. "No, no more of that. That has lost its charm."

Mildred burst into tears.

"I never — would—have—believed—you would—be—so—so—cruel," sobbed she. "What have I done?"

"Done?" shouted the exasperated man. "done? Why, you have spoiled the life of an honest man, who doted on you, believed in you—like a trusting fool—who would have risked his life on your honesty—"

"Stop," said Mildred, and she gathered herself up to a fuller height than John's eyes had ever before beheld in her. She, too, was angry now.

"If you have any charges to make I demand that they be definite and not in base innuendo. You are very cruel and also very insulting to me. I shall not remain in this house to-night; nor return to it until you have apologized." And she swept from the room and from John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the messenger call, then heard his wife give an order for a cab, then saw her packing a handbag. He intended doing so himself. But somehow having her do them was infinitely harder to bear.

Mildred was very angry. "Not a thing of his," she said to herself as she stripped off her rings and gathered her trinkets. "My purse, too," she thought, and went to the desk to find it. Her husband had been watching for this. He knew she would try to secure that letter.

"Oh," said he, "you are a little too late. You should have thought of that before."

These, to her, unmeaning words, uttered with much concentrated bitterness, made her seriously doubt his sanity. She looked at him curiously. How else could she construe this incomprehensible fury? she pursued. The thought had calmed her resentment. She went to his side, placed her hand kindly on his arm. "My dear John," said she, "will you explain to me what all this means?"

He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again.

"Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold; "explain to me where you were yesterday?"

"Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm.

"Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look very innocent, but, woman, look at that!" and with tragic gesture he held up the paper.

Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read: "Dear Frank." A gleam of light first came into her face, and gradually deepened into an expression of interest and amusement. She understood it all.

John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary change, and laughter—peal after peal of silvery laughter—rang through the rooms. She tried to speak, but could not.

John in his turn began to think that she was mad. At last, with tears running down her cheeks, not from grief this time, she said:

"Oh, you dear silly—silly thing! Oh, you dear goose—that's my story—and I was going to surprise you—and bring you ever—ever so much money—and now you have gone—and spoiled"—and here she began to cry in earnest. "And—you—have — said — such — cruel—cruel—"

Her sobs, together with John's great enfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, my angel, I have been such a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"—N. Y. Graphic.

WHY SOLDIERS WERE TOO SHORT

Prince Bismarck Mystified by Criticism of German Troops.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland a Dutch officer of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin and among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The prince looked rather surprised, but made no answer, and several other regiments filed past in succession, but the Dutchman's verdict upon each was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederick the Great, but the inexorable critic merely said: "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck rejoined: "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face and replied with significant emphasis: "I mean that we can flood our country 12 feet deep."—London Tit-Bits.

FIREPROOF WOOD FOR SHIPS.

Some of the Advantages and Disadvantages Incident to Its Use.

Noninflammable wood, or fireproof wood, as it is commonly spoken of outside of the circle of experts, has received considerable attention from naval constructors and naval engineers since the Yaloo river fight in the China-Japan war, and more especially at the recent international congress of naval architects and marine engineers at London, and from the naval authorities of the United States and Japan. The chief of the bureau of ordnance of the United States navy recently made some tests of fireproof wood for the purpose of reporting upon its value for use in making boxes for fixed ammunition. His report declares that the wood, by being treated with the chemicals used in the fireproof process, lost considerable strength and was difficult to work; that it also corroded a piece of brass placed between two pieces of it, absorbed moisture to a marked extent and refused to receive paint. This report resulted in instructions by Secretary Long to the board of bureau chiefs to make a thorough investigation of the use of fireproof wood, and the result is predicted that the government will find it advisable to cancel contracts that have been made for fitting vessels under construction with wood thus treated.

The board of bureau chiefs has received several reports already. The Columbian iron works at Baltimore reports that five coats of paint were tried on a single section of fireproof wood, and it refused to receive any of them. Of the superintending constructors at the various naval stations one report declares that the tools employed in working the wood have been badly corroded by the chemicals used in the fireproofing treatment. Another makes a report upon the corrosive effect upon the steel and iron in the ship. It is also reported that the wood is exceedingly porous and is apt to make the decks of a ship spongy. An article recently appeared in an English service paper written by "an expert" in which the writer describes the decks of the armored cruiser Brooklyn as of noninflammable wood, and he contrasted their appearance disadvantageously with those of the British men-of-war. He also predicted that the decks would not wear well and was generally uncomplimentary to noninflammable wood.

Prof. Biles, the well-known English expert, has corrected this statement by declaring the decks of the Brooklyn are not of noninflammable wood, but that they are "thoroughly sound and thoroughly durable" and in every respect up to the mark. The decks of the Brooklyn are of Oregon pine. The gunboat Helena is fitted with a deck made of fireproof wood, and the board of bureau chiefs is to make a close inspection of the material and its effect upon the ship and report upon the advisability of its use in the future. The only large vessel in the navy the decks of which are built with the fireproof wood is the battleship Iowa.

The subject of noninflammable wood was discussed at much length by the international congress of naval architects and marine engineers. Charles E. Ellis, describing the process of making wood noncombustible, said that it increased the weight from eight to fifteen per cent., and that the arguments for its use rested upon two grounds only—i. e., because it is noninflammable and because, by reason of its low conductivity of heat, it may be employed in substitution for material of greater conductive power. Others spoke favorably of the material. Its chief drawbacks were represented to be its weight and cost. Prof. Biles suggested that the effect of weather on the wood might be nullified if the decks were washed with a solution of the chemicals used in the fireproofing process. The system is really an American invention, and so much discussion was given the subject by the congress that the British admiralty has ordered a series of experiments to be made at the Chatham dockyard in order to obtain additional and valuable information of the advantages or disadvantages of the fireproof wood.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Archaeological Thief.

It would seem that French thieves and housebreakers, when searching for art treasures, are more or less affected by the genius of their spoils. Recently an enterprising but undiscovered personage managed to effect an entry into the Maison Caree, at Nimes, and to carry off the famous Goudard collection of over 8,000 Roman coins. Instead of rushing off with them to the melting pot, he seems to have wandered about the other interesting relics of antiquity, for which the old provincial city is famous; and, after some hesitation, selected the immediate neighborhood of the Tourmagne—that still unexplained enigma of the past—for a hiding place. The spoiler of the Maison Caree, in his choice, seems to have leaned to the views of those archaeologists who maintain that the Tourmagne was a treasure house in Roman or pre-Roman times. At any rate, he used it as such, for the whole collection was found stored away there, and has now been once more replaced in its usual and accessible show cases.—N. Y. Times.

The True Scriptural Age of Man.

We have all heard of the well-worn axiom attributed to the psalmist: "The days of a man are three score and ten," but in Genesis vi., 3, will be found the following passage: "Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." This passage seems to have been overlooked, as I have rarely seen it quoted, although, curiously enough, it exactly corresponds to the theory that man should attain five times the period of reaching his maturity.—Alice Glenesk, in Nineteenth Century.

Out of Sight.

He—Do you think she shows her age?

She—Shows it? Why, she has her age buried nearly an inch deep!—St. Louis Republic.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

The Genuine Article Is Becoming Very Scarce.

America was once famous for its humor. It was a continental humor, an extravagant humor, a humor that delighted in antitheses and contradiction, but it was genuine and hearty and contained many honest laughs. It is a pertinent question to ask what has become of this humor? Are its makers gone? Have they left it no successors? So it seems, for, while never before in the history of the republic have there been so many professedly comic publications, and while never before has the joke been as assiduously pursued, never before has the output of real fun been as pitifully meager and small.

The comic papers, although in numbers as the sands of the seashore, contain little else but boiler plate jokes. The situations never change, new ideas are never introduced, everything is as hopelessly artificial and jejune as the perspective of a Chinese landscape painting. There is no episode except the one of catastrophe; no lovers except those kicked off the premises; no tramps but those fleeing from the pitchfork of some caricatured agriculturist or dodging the assault of an impossible dog. Bicycling is limited to corpulent middle-aged persons or to shadowy spinsters, or to scorchers whose physiognomies are borrowed from the rogues' galleries. All negroes are represented as baboons, all Irish as barbarians, all Germans as beer-drinking idiots, and all Hebrews as people intent upon defrauding insurance companies.

We are told that the caricaturists have a new device by means of which they now work by mechanical process. The product indicates that the machine has gone into general use. As the essence of fun is surprise, who can be amused when you know before a look at the cover, not only the general run of the contents, but the detail as well? The poverty of mental resources shown by our so-called comic weeklies demonstrates that to be funny all the time is not to be funny, and that to be humorous all the time is to be systematically dull. American humor is becoming extinct, and the substitutes for it are the dreariest outputs in the world.

There was American humor, and there have been American humorists. The equal of "Phenix" Artemus Ward, Orpheus C. Kerr, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Charles W. Foster, Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.; Philip Welch, Hans Breitmann, and the like nowhere existed. Persons, old or young, who feed the broad columns of the so-called comic weeklies are happily anonymous. —Des Moines Leader.

CHEAP WAY TO GET NEWS.

Economy Shown by Business Men on the Alley "L" Trains.

Even a penny is a large amount of money to people these days. In fact, it has looked quite large to a considerable portion of the traveling public ever since the transportation lines commenced operations, and men have been accustomed to read papers while in transit and abandon them when nearing their getting-off places. This reading the paper on the trains is as much an industry with many men as the daily business at their offices. They buy the papers at the stations where they get on the alley "L" trains, read them hurriedly while riding northward and toss them aside at Twelfth street. They are of the class who stand up between the two last stations in order to crowd to the front door and get off first.

In every car there are always men who do not rush to get off. They play with watch chains, gaze at the readers and vary the monotony by looking out of the windows. They have no papers, but they want them. So when the busy readers rush to the front and leave their dailies behind these thrifty men prowl about under seats and on seats looking for a chance to procure the news at no cost to themselves. The trainmen, of course, are busy on the platforms and have no opportunity to pick up the papers when the owners have abandoned them.

Now, these economists have favorite sheets. They seize the first at hand on the chance of finding one of their favorite publication. Then they hold on grimly, still looking eagerly about. If they locate one they most affect they seize upon it with a look of exultation, drop the other and pass out of the car calmly folding up the paper as if they had been immersed in the news and never noticed how near it was to Congress street. It's cheap and nobody notices them, as they suppose.—Chicago Chronicle.

Camphor Trees in Florida.

The failure of the world's supply of camphor would deprive mankind of a great boon. There is probably no actual danger of such failure, yet the camphor trees of China, Formosa and Japan have been destroyed so rapidly in recent years that the question has been discussed whether they can be replaced. It would be desirable, if possible, to cultivate them in lands lying nearer to the great centers of civilization, and experiments are said to have shown that the climate of Florida is well suited to their growth. Cultivated in Florida by scientific methods, it is claimed that the life of the trees could be saved, instead of being destroyed, in the process of collecting the precious gum, as has hitherto been the case in the east.—Youth's Companion.

A Difference.

Jones-Brown—Lend me 50, old man, will you?

Brown-Jones (handing him half a dollar)—Why, yes,—certainly.

"O, I mean $50, not 50 cents."

"Well, I mean 50 cents."—N. Y. Journal.

All Gone But Outlines.

She—When a man is in love, does he ever make mental reservations in regard to his adored one?

He—No; when a man is really in love, he hasn't any mentality.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS

—Twin—"Whiffett is perfectly crazy about fishing." Triplett—"He is a regular anglermaniac."—Judge.

—No Unnecessary Display.—"Let me see—last Saturday was Miss May Tewer's birthday, was it not? How did the day pass off?" "It passed off quietly. It was her fortieth."—Chicago Tribune.

—He—"Isn't it a disagreeable feature of golf, losing the ball so often?" She—"Oh, no; that's the only way George and I could get out of hearing of the caddie for an instant."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Overheard at Bar Harbor. — He—"Give me a kiss." She (decidedly)—"I won't." He—"You shouldn't say 'I won't' to me; you should say: 'I prefer not.'" She—"But that wouldn't be true."—Harlem Life.

—Hard Luck.—"I see in the paper that some feller has a corner in wheat," said Mrs. Beanpod. "Gosh!" replied Farmer Beanpod. "Sorry fer him. I hed a whole field, and wisht I'd hed more."—Philadelphia North American.

—The party paused now to contemplate Ixion on his wheel. "I don't see where the torture comes in," whispered Aeneas. Pluto, who was personally conducting the tour of the distinguished Trojans through Hades, pointed silently to the name-plate; it was a last year's wheel. The son of Anchises shuddered and hurried on.—Truth.

—"I have been thinking—" Thus mused Gen. Weyler, and no one seemed well enough acquainted with him to dispute his assertion. "That if I had that overland route through Alaska down here in Cuba—" And he looked daggers so forcibly that bystanders could even observe the trade mark on the handle. —"I'd make a great old trocha out of it."—Truth.

SILK HAT AND OVERALLS.

A Little Story of Street Life Which Points a Moral.

Down on Broadway one bright morning recently two men were walking briskly. They were dressed with great care and good taste. Shiny silk hats, fresh gloves and glossy shoes indicated not only attention to little things but also a comfortable income.

Both men had alert intelligent faces, and each looked as if he "might be somebody." The younger man seemed to be unknown to the majority of those on the street, but in his companion pedestrians recognized one whose reputation is national, and whose picture has appeared at one time and another in newspapers all over the country.

At the corner of Cedar street stood a short, "chunky" lad, perhaps 15 years old, dressed in overalls and "jumper." In one hand he carried a piece of lead pipe, in the other a soiled scrap of paper. His smutty face had an anxious look.

As the two well-dressed men reached the boy he stopped them with: "Say, boss, kin yer tell me where dis place is?" and he held out the scrap of paper. "I been chasin' meself all up an' down de street, an' I can't hit de combination."

The older man took the paper with a pleasant smile and said: "I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

He read the address and saw at once that the place was probably on the other side of the street. He excused himself to his friend, waded through the mud on the crossing, and, with the plumber's apprentice at his side, searched the signs without success.

Then he took the boy to the drug store on the corner and helped him run over the names in the directory until he found that the boy's employer had made a mistake in the number.

The correct address was substituted and the lad in overalls put upon the right track by his distinguished guide with such marked courtesy that the boy paused, as he turned away, to say in a somewhat subdued tone: "Much 'bliged to yer, sir."

The man in the silk hat bowed courteously in acknowledgment, and recrossed the street to his waiting friend.

"Seems to me you took a good deal of trouble to set that boy right," was the younger man's greeting.

"It was a good chance to teach him manners," said the other. "Boys like him are quick to learn. They work hard and get on fast in business or trade, because some one corrects them when they make mistakes. But how can they learn politeness? They get their manners from the people around them. If everybody's rude to them they must grow up rude themselves. It seems to me a good deal worse to be impolite to a boy like that than to be impolite to a man in my own set."—Youth's Companion.

Failed to Register Properly.

"Well, how should I know they were married? They registered Mr. —— and lady, so I assigned one to a room in the third story and the other on the second floor," said M. E. Scott, proprietor of the Sylvan hotel of La Porte, who placed a man and wife in an awkward situation one night last week. It was in the corridor of the Hutchins that Mr. Scott was relating the incident to friends.

"What did they do?"

"They remained up one-half of the night in their respective rooms, waiting for each other to come in."

"How did it end?"

"Why the man came creeping down the stairs between 12 and 1 a. m. to see what was the matter."

"Was he mad?"

"Say, don't mention it! But I'll bet he doesn't register that way again."—Houston (Tex.) Post.

A Man of Standing.

Dismal Dawson—When I think how good I used to be it makes me sick.

Everett Wrest—On the dead, was you ever any good?

"Well, I was so good at one time dat I not only bought booze on credit, but I bought her so often dat de barkeeper had a rubber stamp to put me name down wit'."—Indianapolis Journal.